

THE UNIVERCŒLUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

"THE THINGS WHICH ARE SEEN ARE TEMPORAL; BUT THE THINGS WHICH ARE NOT SEEN ARE ETERNAL."

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The Principles of Nature.

COMMUNION OF THE DEAD WITH THE LIVING.

BY A. P. PHABODY.

I AM THY FELLOW SERVANT, AND OF THY BRETHREN THE PROPHETS.—Revelation xxii: 9.

SO SAID THE ANGEL that showed St. John the tree of life, and talked with him of the joys of heaven. He was an earth-born angel, trained by arduous duty and stern conflict for a holy and exalted ministry in God's nearer presence. It was in a vision that the apostle beheld him; and a vision denotes, with emphasis, seeing; that is, a clearer, deeper, truer insight than is enjoyed in the usual condition of the faculties. It was not fables or allegories, but realities and truths appertaining to the spiritual world, that were unfolded to the seers of the Old and New Testament in vision. The inward eye was opened. They beheld things of which the external sense cannot take cognizance, and which they could describe only by images and symbols that feebly represented the impressions made upon their own minds. I have chosen this text in order to speak to you of the nearness of heaven to earth, and of our connection and communion with the great spiritual family. I cannot think of heaven as a separate, far-off mansion or city of the redeemed, but as in close connection with the world in which we live. I believe that the members of the heavenly society, even now, sympathise with us, rejoice in our virtue, and minister to our spiritual growth. Let us look at some of the grounds and uses of this belief.

There are many sayings of Jesus, and incidents in his life, which imply the intimate communion of the dead with the living. One of the most striking features of his life is the frequency and nearness of his converse with the spiritual world. He never speaks of angels and just men made perfect, as if there were a weary distance to be crossed from them to us, or from us to them. They are often with him,—at his birth, in his temptation, and in his agony they come uncalled,—they watch by his sepulcher, and wait on his ascension. The spirits of the long-dead talk with him on the mountain. His voice to the widow's son, his powerful word at the tomb of Lazarus, seem addressed to souls not afar off, but within call,—near the scenes from which they had gone, and among the friends who thought them lost for ever. He promises, also, his own spiritual presence with his followers, when he shall be no longer visible to the outward eye.

Among other touching allusions to the connection between the dead and the living, we cannot but assign a prominent place to that saying of our Savior,—“Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.” In this joy we cannot imagine the higher orders of the spiritual family as partaking, without its being shared by the penitent's kindred and friends in heaven. How intimate is the relation between the two worlds implied in the thought which these words suggest! The faint, lowly sigh of the contrite heart sweeps in glad harmony over the golden lyres, and awakes among the blessed a new song of thanksgiving. The

first pulsations of spiritual life in the outcast sinner beat in the souls of the sinless, and every throb of godly sorrow on earth pours new joy through the ranks of the redeemed.

Is it said that this near connection of heaven with earth must interfere with the perfect happiness of those in heaven, from the painful discipline appointed to many of their nearest and best friends? I reply, that, whether they behold the trials of their friends or not, they must know, from their own remembered experience, that sorrow awaits all who enter into life. But they no longer dread for others the angel-ministries of adversity, which they now fully recognise for themselves. They behold universal Providence everywhere from seeming evil educating the highest good, and thus can acquiesce with solemn joy in whatever afflictions are appointed for those whom they hope one day to welcome as their companions in glory, even as the Father himself, who loves us all better than we can love each other, dwells in serene and eternal happiness, while he mingles the cup of sorrow and agony for his children.

Is it asked, how heaven can be thus near, and yet unseen? I reply, that the invisible presence of the children of God is no more mysterious than his own. They may be all around us, without our discerning them, because our spiritual vision is not strong and clear enough to behold them,—even as the minute creation, that fills air, earth and sea, remained for ages unknown, for lack of a proper medium through which to view it. Our Savior saw the dead and talked with them; for in him the spiritual vision was clear and full. And when his religion shall become supreme and all-pervading, and generations shall come forward, as they will in the latter days, bathed from infancy in the light and love of his gospel, the free communion with heaven may be opened, the tabernacle of God be with men, and the union of the two worlds form as much a part of the distinct consciousness of every disciple as it did of the Savior himself.

I prize the belief of the communion of the dead with the living, on account of the encouragement to religious effort which their sympathy gives us. We all seek sympathy, and to secure it we often become followers of each other more than Jesus. We walk slower than we need, that we may not part company with our halting fellow-pilgrims. We hang about our persons the same weights, and cherish the same easily besetting sins, as those who run the race at our side. And when, in any way, our consciences prompt us to walk otherwise or move on faster than our fellow-Christians, we cannot help looking back with a painful sense of solitude and desertion. But our friends in heaven are the more intimately associated with us, the farther we are in advance of the inert and sluggish. When we seem to be alone, we can say as did the prophet, when he saw himself environed and guarded by the host of heaven,—“They that be with us are more than they that be with them.” Those of our friends who have entered the heavenly rest have endured what we must encounter, and know how severe are the conflicts through which we must struggle into the higher life. They themselves felt the loneliness and desolation which sometimes press so heavily upon our spirits. Their sensibilities are now touched to the finest issues. They are familiar with every mode of inward experience, and can enter into our hearts, where the closest sympathy of the living fails us.

Again, we can hardly entertain the idea of the communion of our departed friends with us, without its prompting the desire for their continued approbation. Can we bear their inspection, and willingly remain unworthy of their esteem? Can we cherish the thought that they are with us, and yet harbor principles and habits from which they would turn with disapproval and loathing? Shall they behold us clinging to the weights which we should lay aside, and hugging the sins which we should crucify? Our friends who have gone from us, perhaps, in the weakness of partial affection, could see no fault in us. Our parents were, it may be, blind to our failings. Our children looked up to us with unmingled reverence, as if we had been the incarnation of every virtue. Our gentle and loving fellow-Christians, while they were with us, threw over our weaknesses the beautiful mantle of their charity, and read our characters through the hazy medium of their own kindness. But the scales have now dropped from their eyes. If they see and know us, it is with a just appreciation of what we are. And have we fallen in their esteem? Do they find us less worthy of their love than they used to think us? Do they look upon us as less their companions and fellow-disciples than when they were here? As we, parents and children, neighbors and friends, hope to find the long lost, but unforgotten, still true and loving, still and for ever ours, O, let us cut off these sources of alienation and disappointment on their part,—let us not break fellowship with them, by so living in negligence and sin, that they must often avert their eyes from our unprofitable lives to the eternal throne in pitying intercession for us.

The idea of this discourse appeals with peculiar power to those who have never entered upon the spiritual life. Is there here a son who has a mother in heaven? Had God spared your mother, my young friend, would you not have held her happiness sacred, anticipated her desires, and shielded her from disappointment and sorrow? You can even now make her happier. Full as her joy is, it is not perfect, while you remain out of the circle of her communion. Your mother's soul still yearns for your salvation. Her intercessions, which first rose over your cradle, now ascend for you near the throne. Enter on the life of heaven, and you hang new jewels on her eternal crown of rejoicing. Is there a parent, still living without prayer and without the Christian's hope, who has committed a child to the grave in spotless infancy? How gladly, my friend, would you have guarded your child from peril and from grief, and borne him in the arms of an all-enduring love along the rugged path of life! A work of love yet remains for you in that child's behalf. He prays that he may not be left an orphan spirit, though it be in heaven; and for your first steps in the footsteps of the Lord Jesus, the voice lost to earth, before it could say *My Father* or *My Mother*, will be lifted in glad thanksgiving for you. Brothers and sisters, from whose circle Heaven has chosen the pure and lovely, were you here united by cordial sympathy and deep affection? Their prayer is, that the divided household may again be made one. Are you the bond-slaves of gain, or pleasure, or self-indulgence? The spirits of the departed mark your downward steps, and turn away from the scenes of your levity or your guilt in earnest deprecation of the fatal issue to which they see you hastening. By a renewed heart and life, you can make yet happier those whom God has made happy, and satisfy the only longing of their souls which eternal love has left unfilled.

Finally, what a momentous interest is given to our whole earthly life by the thought that it is passed in the presence and communion of the great spiritual family! To my mind there is hardly a text of Scripture, or form of speech, that rolls on with such a depth and fulness of meaning as those words,—“Seeing that we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses.” Vast and bewildering is the philosophical speculation which tells us that we cannot lift a finger without moving the distant spheres. But far more grand and unspeakably sol-

emn is the thought, that our daily lives, our conduct in low and sheltered scenes, our speech and walk in the retirement of our homes, are felt through the universe of ever-living souls,—that the laws of attraction and repulsion that reach through all orders of being extend to our least words and deeds,—that in every worthy, generous, holy impulse all heaven bears part,—that from the trail of our meanness and selfishness, our waywardness and levity, all heaven recoils. Let the august witness, the adoring multitude, in whose presence we dwell and worship, arouse us to growing diligence in duty, and awaken in us increasing fervor of spirit, that we may run with patience the race that is set before us, and, found faithful unto death, may receive the crown of life.

ENDURING LIFE.

BY G. W. BRIGGS.

“THE THINGS which are seen are temporal.” Doubtless there are *moments* of deep experience in the history of most men, when this is felt as an overwhelming conviction. It stirs no fear in ordinary life. But in the suddenness of change it rushes into the heart with a power that cannot need, and may scarcely bear to bear, any feeble words of man endeavoring to give it impressiveness. The vivid comparisons of the scripture illustrating the fleetingness of the things that are seen, comparing them in their quick flight to the morning cloud, and the early dew, almost appear to fail as images of our actual feeling. The strong man perhaps, before the company of friends, hastening with winged feet, can gather around him, bows his head and passes away. The child, fair as the morning flower, bright as morn itself in the radiance of infant joy, droops before the night-fall. It may be an age of experience indeed, yet only as a moment of time, and the voice full of glee is forever still. How do any peculiar illustrations of this truth, which wear a strangeness like that of the miracle, compelling attention, but which are still known to be only peculiar manifestations of a universal law, how do they sometimes bring dread shudderings of conviction for the hour into the heart? The mother goes noiselessly, to listen more intently to the breath of her sleeping child, lest disease may steal upon it unperceived. The friend looks inquiringly into the face of friends, to see whether any deceitful line of disease enters into the flush upon the cheek, he had hailed as the promise of health. At some moments of such impressions the man almost trembles while he steps, lest the ground suddenly fail beneath his feet. The silent air seems to be bearing forward invisible arrows of disease in a noiseless flight; unperceived until they are fixed within our own breasts, or what is a deeper dread, in the heart of friend or child. Sometimes providence preaches this truth until man believes and trembles. And ah! no deepest impression in such occasional moments of fear, though it were to make men dread surrendering themselves to sleep lest there be no more waking, though many thoughts were mingled with it a true heart must condemn, no such shuddering impression could overstate the truth that “the things which are seen are temporal.” We hail their coming, rising as every welcome gift comes, bright as morning beaming over the sea, we hail their coming as if they should remain. But every morning heralds the succeeding night. Every birth, in one point of view, *foretells* another death. We look in one direction, and a numberless host of forms and beings are springing into life forever, and hastening onward with bounding feet. We turn and follow them, and the whole host is only marching in one funeral procession to the grave. “For the things which are seen, are temporal.”

And now we ask, what is the inference from this thought? Are the things which are seen so fleeting? Then happy is he, exclaim a multitude of voices in the first moment's thought, who has learned in a literal sense to look not at the things which are

seen. Men accept it as a consolation when one passes away to whom they were not united in deepest love, that their hearts were no more joined to his. Love not your child so well, say the surrounding world, for every drop in the cup of present affection may only be changed into a fount of bitterness, to swell the flood of sorrow. Chasten these strong currents of affection which seem to sweep the whole energy of feeling toward one cherished object. It is better to be partially weaned now, though it be a self-denial, than incur this peril of a crucifixion. And thus an exhortation is often heard, whose complete statement would seem to call it wisdom never to enter so earnestly into the scenes of the world, because they may all be speedily changed; never to love so deeply, lest the depth of present love become an occasion of future and abiding woe.

The true inference we apprehend, is just the reverse. The lesson is precisely opposite to this. The fleetingness of the things which are seen, instead of being a reason why we should look at them no more, is the precise reason why we should live in them with a deeper devotion. For through an intenser life in the things are seen, do we look most truly at the things which are *not* seen and eternal. This is the way of joy while they remain, and what seems mysterious perhaps, yet is strictly true, it is the chosen way of preparation for their departure.

Are the things that are seen so fleeting? Therefore live in them with deeper devotion. Clearly, thus must be the way alike of wisdom, and of joy, while they remain. Is there reason to think the angel may quickly depart? I can lose no hour of his stay. I can waste no moment then, through failure to consider and learn his message. He came directly from the Father to nestle awhile in my arms in his infant weakness. He had a heavenly commission. His simple look could stir the deep things of the soul, and proved he was sent to minister to its deepest life. And whatever we feel to be a ministering spirit, in its power to move us, be it reverently said, we should regard with the rapt attention men imagine they should give to an actual Redeemer, were such a visitant in our midst. No word of his lips could we consent to lose. No act could we willingly permit to pass unobserved. No single look would we spare. We long to know every part of his message before he shall ascend from our view. Is it not so with every angel that cometh? I would know his very expression, his slightest teaching. Does the thought that he may speedily depart, make me almost imagine he is already moving his wings to soar away? I should only turn with an earnestness deep as any prayer upon the bended knee, to live in a life so fleeting, while it may continue. I cannot grieve the Spirit speaking now, by imaginings concerning the nature of its ministries in future years. Give me this day my daily bread. Give me the cup of joy now offered to the lips. Listen to the teachings of the hour with a devotion so absorbing during their stay, that their fleetingness is partially forgotten in the earnest love of the heart.

But we pass from this consideration to dwell upon the other thought, apparently so false, yet so strictly true, that the deepest life in the things that are seen is the chosen preparation for their departure. We say this thought apparently so false, because it contradicts the usual modes of human speech. And yet there is one sense in which it instantly appears to be true. The most devoted clinging in love to every act and look of Jesus for example, though it might seem at first only to leave the disciples deeper mourners, was their living baptism with the same spirit. The inward power which triumphed in him, came thus to them as the Comforter, with all its revelations of truth and peace. Thus did the joy of Jesus "remain in them, and their joy was full." If a paternal providence reign, thus must it be with everything ministering to the heart of man. If no sparrow falleth without the Father, no blessing can pass away, until its use may have prepar-

ed for its departure. All the ministering spirits of God, like the prophet of old, may leave their mantles behind them when they ascend. Through the fullest reception of their message, must the Comforter always enter. Although the way should appear altogether a mystery, would it not seem a simple truth a living faith could scarcely fail to believe, that a devotion to the teacher which made the heart one with his, a devotion which unfolded the fulness of his message, was the best preparation for his loss?

It is not wholly a mystery. How sweetly is its confirmation written in the deep experience of a thousand hearts! How surely for instance do all hours of truest affection, when we were most deeply devoted to the lost, afterward come as the purest consolation! The seasons of select joy, whose expectation lighted up the whole day of most weary toil, whose loss might appear a cause of mourning beyond alleviation, these, *these*, send forth in remembrance perennial springs of peace. Is it not thus in living experience? The first thought may say, their absence will bring the deepest night. But soon the smile of a child rises in memory as a cheering star. And every hour of joy, every expression of gladness, every moment of its innocent mirth, is another and yet another light to bless us. If those remembrances be many, the whole firmament of our thought is soon filled with their serene and soothing beams. At first they may indeed only bring thoughts of sadness, until the garden of former delight becomes as with Jesus, the place of keenest agony. We say with him, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." But a little time, and they are happy remembrances, blessed angels. And as they crowd upon the mind, they seem as a legion for number, angels indeed, comforting, strengthening thoughts which cannot die, abiding within the soul as their everlasting home. Ah! all secret things of true feeling are then revealed. How brightly do incidents which appear the simplest, scarcely observed when they occurred and speedily forgotten, through the feeling filling every new hour with some new source of pleasure, how brightly they then revive with a mighty influence! *The little seed that was "sown in weakness"* is then "raised in power." The little act, performed in that fulness of feeling which never pauses to mark its particular expressions and note them in the memory, that little seed grows into a great tree under whose branches we may rest. It is a blessed providence which thus gathers up the fragments, things unremembered until the hour of loss, and makes even these an almost satisfying feast, in what before appeared a wilderness.

And observe what has reference to our special point, it is only the hours of most devoted love, the seasons when the heart's feeling was most intense, that recur so brightly. It is only what men hastily call the great causes of mourning which can appear as comforters. All times when the heart was divided, when we failed to yield ourselves to the enjoyment of God's darling gifts! They brought little happiness while they were continued. They leave no peace behind them when they have passed. These angel remembrances only come when there has been an absorbing devotion of the heart. And in precise proportion to its depth will their power and their brightness be! Is it not true that the deepest life in the things that are seen is the chosen preparation for their departure? Let the experience of deeply living hearts answer.

And the heart *anew* yet again as we penetrate more closely into its intimate experience. The truth is confirmed by another course of reflections still. What after all is the really abiding bitterness of sorrow? What is the sting of grief? It is not the thought of bereavement simply, though we are bereft of whatsoever constituted the chief beauty of present existence, the voice of gladness sounding like the music of heaven in our earthly homes. It is not the loneliness of life merely, though it sometimes appears as if we were indeed alone on this side of the grave. It is not the deep trial of a heart which might gladly have gone to the tomb in its love, with all its imperfections thick upon

it, could that have availed to save its object. It is not in these. But it is in the remembrance of hours when the departed gift was neglected. It is the recollection of hours when an act of impatience or injustice caused a shade of sorrow to come over the countenance now seen no more. Here are the tormentings of human griefs. These things make conscience come forth in robes of judgment when we stand by the grave, adding the torture of remorse to the pain of sorrow. The deep regret is never for the depth of the love. Ah no! It is forever for the want of a deeper devotion of heart; the want causing us to be untrue to the ministering spirit at our side. It is the grieved look we imagine it casting upon us for such neglect, which like that of Jesus to Peter, sends us away in the bitterness of weeping. There is no other worm which doth not die. Here alone is the cause which can make the places full of associations with the departed, places of real agony. But when the heart has been true, such spots are hallowed to the soul; filled with ministries to give it peace. Every place once blessed by any living joy becomes sacred evermore. A better light seems to visit it than beams upon other scenes. It is a shrine whither we love most to journey. Truly we are mysteriously made, when from that which most proves the depth of the loss, we derive the elements of most abiding peace.

One confirmation more yet remains of the same general thought. Only to the more devoted life in the relationship of time, can come the assured hope of those everlasting re-unions for which bereaved affection always sighs. What unions may remain, interrupted indeed, but never severed? What affections may remain unchilled by the cold grave, indestructible by the change of death? Not those which only moved the surface of the heart, feeling, never penetrating its profoundest depths. Not those which absence in this world might chill and destroy! Thou hast no right to hope that aught save a friendship pure and deep, a union of heart in the profoundest sympathies of his being, can survive the decays of time, or pass into that spiritual world where the spiritual and immortal may live. Thou hast no right to hope the last great change shall leave unimpaired what any present change might have power to kill. Hope for no re-unions, when there hath never been a living union here. Death may doubtless sound an eternal knell to many apparent friendships. But a bond like that uniting the beloved disciple to his Lord, all relationships of disinterested feeling and holy sympathy, whatsoever draws power and depth from the fathomless affections of the human heart, whatsoever *liveth*, that humanity may hope shall never die. Ah! if there be angelic ministries permitted the beloved departed, if they may bring blessed but unseen influences to the loved who remain, may it not be that through the channels of deepest affection alone, they may flow? These bonds of the heart may constitute the electric communication between earth and heaven whereby light and life may be transmitted to saddened breasts. But if that conjecture seem too bold, we know that no re-union shall be, save when the earthly relationship hath woven sympathies deep as the heart, and enduring as its love.

Live in the things that are seen with profound devotion of heart, and you gain the chosen preparation for their departure. Only one perversion of the position can be feared, and that is too obvious to mislead. There may be an *unwise* devotion to the relationships of present being, but there can be none too *deep*. The difference between a true child of God living most for heaven, and the mere child of the earth, does not consist in this. That one concentrates all thought upon the things that are seen, and the other appear to regard them not. To a merely superficial view, each might seem alike absorbed. But one lives for a selfish end. The other lives in the everlasting affections, all fleeting incidents of life may quicken. And precisely because he desires to have them glow and burn with an immortal flame, will he listen most intently to each messenger of God's providence as it hurries by. Ah! the experience of change we are

told should teach the nothingness of all things seen! In one sense that is true. In another, the lesson is precisely the reverse. We might never know what mighty things these fleeting events and relationships may be, unless change came to teach us. Then we see what everlasting affections they may call into being. In one sense life may never appear so valuable as by the grave of a fond earthly hope. Then we see what everlasting messages may have come, through the presence of angels of providence that only appeared to vanish. Then we see that the most intent devotion to each particle of its teaching, the most fervent affection in its rapidly passing relationships were the keys to unlock the immortal treasure it would bring. Say not as many say, these quickly passing forms are only as bubbles appearing a moment upon the sea, to be broken by the next ripple over its surface! In these bubbles, seen only for an instant, great laws of nature are manifest, which span the universe in their embrace. So in these quickly vanishing bonds of earthly life may be found the elements of all that may endure and shine forever. These transient scenes may call into action an unfathomable heart. They are not clad in a gloomy pall by these ministries of change, when we regard them wisely. They are transfigured forevermore.

A TRUE LIFE.

OF HOW MANY LIVES does each hour knell the conclusion! and how few of them are true ones! The poor child of shame and sin and crime, who terminates her earthly being in the clouded morning of her scarce budded, yet blighted existence—the desperate felon whose blood is shed by the community, as the dread penalty of its violated law—the miserable debauchee, who totters down to his loathsome grave in 'the spring time of his years, but the fulness of his festering iniquities—these the world valiantly affirms, have not lived true lives! Fearless and righteous world! how profound, how discriminating are thy judgments! But the base idolater of self, who devotes all his moments, his energies, his thoughts, to schemes which begin and end in personal advantage—the grasper of gold, and lands, and tenements—the devotee of pleasure—the man of ignoble and sinister ambition—the woman of frivolity, extravagance and fashion—the idler, the gambler, the voluptuary—on all these and their myriad compeers, while borne on the crest of the advancing billow, how gentle is the reproof, how charitable the judgment of the world! Nay, is not even our dead Christianity, which picks its way so daintily, cautiously, and inoffensively—which regards with gentle rebuke, and is regarded with amiable toleration by some of the foremost vices of the times; is it not too often oblivious of its paramount duty to teach men how to live worthily and nobly! Are there not thousands to whom its inculcations, so far as duties to man are concerned, are substantially negative in their character?—who are fortified by its teachings, in the belief that to do good is a casualty, and not a frame of being—who are taught by it to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, when they thrust themselves upon the charity of portly affluence, but as an irksome duty, for which they should be rewarded, rather than a blessed privilege, for which they should be profoundly grateful? Of the millions now weekly listening to the ministrations of the Christian pulpit, how many are clearly, vividly impressed with the great truth, that each, in his own sphere, should live for mankind, as Christ did for the redemption, instruction, and exaltation of the race—and, that the power to do this in his proper sphere abides equally with the humblest as the highest? How many centuries more will be required to teach, even the religious world, so called, the full meaning of the term Christian?

[HORACE GREELLEY.]

KEEP HIM at least three paces distant who hates bread, music, and the laugh of a child.

[LAVATER.]

CRIMINAL.

BY THEODORE PARKER.

IN MOST LARGE FAMILIES there is a bad boy, a black sheep in the flock, an Ishmael whom Abraham will drive out into the wilderness, to meet an angel if he can find one. That story of Hagar and her son is very old, but verified anew each year in families and nations. So in society there are criminals who do not keep up with the moral advance of the mass, stragglers from the march, whom society treats as Abraham his base-born boy—but sending them off with no loaf nor skin of water, not even a blessing but a curse; sending them off as Cain went—with a bad name and a mark on their foreheads! So in the world there are inferior nations, savage, barbarous, half-civilised; some are inferior in nature, some perhaps only behind us in development; on a lower form in the great school of Providence—Negroes, Indians, Mexicans, Irish, and the like, whom the world treats as Ishmael and the Gibeonites got treated: now their land is stolen from them in war; their children, or their persons, are annexed to the strong as slaves. The civilised continually preys on the savage, re-annexing their territory and stealing their persons—owning them or claiming their work. Esau is rough and hungry, Jacob smooth and well fed. The smooth man overreaches the rough; buys his birthright for a mess of pottage; takes the ground from underneath his feet, thereby supplanting his brother. So the elder serves the younger, and the fresh civilisation, strong and sometimes it may be wicked also, overmasters the ruder age that is contented to stop. The young man now a barbarian will come up one day and take all our places, making us seem ridiculous, nothing but timid conservatives!

Now all these three, the reputed pests of the family, society, and the world are but loiterers from the march, bad boys, or dull ones. Criminals are a class of such; savages are nations thereof—classes or nations that for some cause do not keep up with the movement of mankind. The same human nature is in us all, only there it is not so highly developed. Yet the bad boy, who to-day is a curse to the mother that bore him, would perhaps have been accounted brave and good in the days of the conqueror; the dangerous class might have fought in the crusades, and been reckoned soldiers of the Lord, whose chance for heaven was most auspicious. The savage nations would have been thought civilised in the days when "there was no smith in Israel." David would make a sorry figure among the present kings of Europe, and Abraham would be judged of by a standard not known in his time. There have been many centuries in which the pirate, the land-robber and the murderer were thought the greatest of men.

Now it becomes a serious question what shall be done for these stragglers, or even with them. It is sometimes a terrible question to the father and mother what they shall do for their reprobate son, who is an offence to the neighborhood, a shame, a reproach and a heart-burning to them. It is a sad question to society, what shall be done with the criminals—thieves, house-breakers, pirates, murderers. It is a serious question to the world, what is to become of the humbler nations—Irish, Mexicans, Malays, Indians, Negroes.

In the world and in society the question is answered in about the same way. In a low civilisation, the instinct of self-preservation is the strongest of all. They are done *with*, not *for*; are done away with. It is the Old Testament answer:—the inferior nation is hewn to pieces, the strong possess their lands, their cities, their cattle, their persons, also, if they will; the class of criminals gets the prophet's curse—the two bears, the jail and the gallows, eat them up. In the family alone is the christian answer given; the good shepherd goes forth to seek the one sheep that has strayed and gone lost upon the mountains; the

Father goes out after the poor prodigal, whom the swine's meat could not feed nor fill. The world, which is the society of nations, and society, which is the family of classes, still belong mainly to the "old dispensation," Heathen or Hebrew, the period of force. In the family there is a certain instinctive love binding the parent to the child, and therefore a certain unity of action, growing out of that love. So the father feels his kinship to the boy, though a reprobate, looks for the causes of his son's folly or sin, and strives to cure him; at least to do something for him, not merely with him. The spirit of Christianity comes into the family, but the recognition of human brotherhood stops mainly there. It does not reach throughout society; it has little influence on national politics or international law—on the affairs of the world taken as a whole. I know the idea of human brotherhood has more influence now than hitherto; I think in New England it has a wider scope, a higher range, and works with far more power than elsewhere. Our hearts bleed for the starving thousands of Ireland, whom we only read of; for the down-trodden slave, though of another race, and dyed by heaven with another hue; yes, for the savage and the suffering everywhere. The hand of our charity goes through every land. If there is one quality for which the men of New England may be proud it is this—their sympathy with suffering man. Still we are far from the christian ideal. We still drive out of society the Ishmaels and Esaus. This we do not so much from ill-will as want of thought, but thereby we lose the strength of these outcasts. So much water runs over the dam—wasted and wasting!

In all these melancholy cases what is it best to do? what shall the parents do to mend their dull boy, or their wicked one? There are two methods which may be tried. One is the method of force, sometimes referred to Solomon, and recommended by the maxim "Spare not the rod and spoil the child." That is the Old Testament way, "Stripes are prepared for the fool's back." The mischief is—they leave it no wiser than they found it. By the law of the Hebrews, a man brought his stubborn and rebellious son before the magistrates and deposed: "This our son is stubborn and rebellious: he will not obey our voice. He is a glutton and a drunkard." Thereupon, the men of the city stoned him with stones, and so "put away the evil from amongst them!" That was the method of force. It may bruise the body; it may fill men with fear; it may kill. I think it never did any other good. It belonged to a rude and bloody age. I may ask intelligent men who have tried it, and I think they will confess it was a mistake. I think I may ask intelligent men on whom it has been tried, and they will say, "It was a mistake on my father's part, but a curse to me!" I know there are exceptions to that reply; still I think it will be general. A man is seldom elevated by an appeal to low motives; always by addressing what is high and manly within him. Is fear of physical pain the highest element you can appeal to in a child; the most effectual? I do not see how Satan can be cast out by Satan. I think a Savior never tries it. Yet this method of force is brief and compact. It requires no patience, no thought, no wisdom for its application, and but a moment's time. For this reason, I think, it is still retained in some families and many schools, to the injury alike of all concerned. Blows and violent words are not correction—often but an adjournment of correction: sometimes only an actual confession of inability to correct.

The other is the method of love, and of wisdom not the less. Force may hide, and even silence effects for a time; it removes not the real causes of evil. By the method of love and wisdom the parents remove the causes; they do not tie the demoniac, they cast out the demon, not by letting in Beelzebub, the chief devil—but by the finger of God. They redress the child's folly and evil birth by their own wisdom and good breeding. The Day drives out and off the Night.

(DANGEROUS CLASSES IN SOCIETY.

THE ENJOYMENT OF NATURE.

VARIOUS and admirable as are the means of instruction now abounding in this country, we cannot help thinking that there is a department of human faculties, the development and discipline of which are not sufficiently provided for in our ordinary systems of education. If the intellectual powers have been exercised and informed, and the principles rendered quick and strong, we commonly consider that the furthest duties of the teacher have been discharged; we forget how largely refined tastes may be made to contribute to the happiness of life, and how important a part they may play in baffling the low temptations that beset our career, and keeping us true to virtue and honor. The sentiment of the beautiful is the most nearly spiritual of all our natural sympathies; and so fine, so exquisite, so powerful a sensibility has not been implanted in our character but for lofty and interesting purposes. This delicate emotion is susceptible of almost indefinite advancement by appropriate indulgence and culture; and it seems to us to be a duty of men to expand and strengthen, as much as by ordinary efforts may be done, this ethereal and half-divine capacity of our natures. The full appreciation of beauty as displayed in the Fine Arts, presupposes, perhaps, to some extent, a special adaptation of the senses or the mind; it demands also, too decided an exercise of the reflective powers; and, moreover, to most persons this means of gratification is not accessible. There is another class of esthetics, as expanded in its range as creation itself, simple and direct in its action, and capable of shedding into the spirit the fulness of pure and essential joy;—we mean that which belongs to the beauties of Nature. The amount of substantial and high delight that is capable of being derived from this source, is not to be believed by one who has not, by systematic practice, through years of studious observation, proved all the deep power of exalting pleasure that dwells in a fervent communion with the mysteries of the visible world.

It has always seemed to us to be in some sort a duty of mankind to avail themselves fully of all those sources of simple pleasure which life brings before them. To taste some enjoyment every day—to realize that inward repose which arises from the complete satisfaction of the cravings of our nature—is of salutary moral consequence. It rights the disordered elements of character, and brings our being back to its proper balance. The constant goading of anxiety and care produces a certain recklessness in the temper; it generates an uneasy discontent which is alien from the calm and gentle tone of goodness. The tension of the overtaken faculties is remitted, and the genial and kindly sentiments come forth to soften the severities of feeling, when the seals of the spirit are melted by the glow of an innocent happiness. Of such refreshing and pure felicity, none can be found more potent and more unreprouvable than that which flows in upon the heart, like a resistless tide of rapture, from the transcending spectacles of sublimity and loveliness that are daily spread along the heavens, and hourly may be seen by him that seeks them by shore and hill and river. Nothing can give more abundantly to our hearts that peace, that hopeful patience, which withdraw our souls from a thousand shafts of ill and bring us under the fullest power of good. A taste, therefore, for the fair grandeur of the scenes of Nature, ought, we think, to be studiously cultivated, and every occasion of experiencing the joy that is to be inhaled from them ought to be improved by those who would develop all the faculties of their life, or taste the highest comfort that is appointed for their solace upon earth.

[HOME JOURNAL.]

THE TRULY GREAT have all one age, and from one visible space
Shed influence! They both, in power and act
Are permanent, and Time is not with them,
Save as it worketh for them, they in it.

[COLERIDGE.]

EFFECT OF RELIGION
UPON THE NATURAL SENTIMENTS.

AN IMPRESSION seems to vitiate much of the world's thought, that Christianity not only regulates, but in some degree restrains, and represses natural sympathies. It is not to *control* them simply. It does something to eradicate. Some imagine it aids us in trial days, partly by telling us not to cling so closely at any time in love to those around us. It is to save from disappointed friendships, partly by lifting us above earthly friendships into a kind of impersonal affection, which knows no glow, and can feel no pang. Men have not always perceived how its philanthropy, so pure from respect to persons, can consist with these particular affections. Hence, some objectors, and one-sided defenders also, have been led to say, Christianity condemned all patriotism in its universal aims. Hence many kindred fancies, which in their mistaken reverence, veiled from view one of the chief charms of the Redeemer's soul.

It is all misapprehension we are sure. Christianity does not repress, but intensates, and glorifies humanity. It never closes, but only widens and deepens immeasurably, the channels of all worthy human feelings. It fires, not extinguishes, the strictly human heart. It makes every blessed sympathy inexpressibly more mighty. It sends the divine strength, it infuses into the heart throughout the human frame, into every throbbing of its pulses. It imparts even to the eye of parental love, a deeper expression, giving to what is sometimes earthly, an immortal power. And the mere civilities of ordinary life, often so hollow, it transforms into the overflowings of a vital love: imparting a depth to them all scarcely dreamed by a heart not thus awakened. Ah! the life of which it may be said, "It is God dwelling in the flesh," endows the earthly sympathies with a god-like energy. The true Christian is all nerve. He is all heart. A more than feminine tenderness entwines itself around his manly strength, his iron steadfastness. No stoicism dwells in his spirit. He does not stand like a bare, sturdy pillar, severe and firm. The column is covered from base to summit, with the gentlest tendrils of feeling. When they first meet the eye, you may not perceive their firm support. We might imagine a breath might make them shrink and quiver. Yet when they are all rent and torn away, it only discloses the hidden column standing immovable forever. So standeth the Christian heart, when the sympathies some imagine can but weaken it, are rent away and crucified. Christianity is human as well as divine. The depth of its humanity, indeed, is proportionate to the majesty of its divinity. It *incarnates* the life of God. It never sustains by crushing affection. It brings angels rather to succor us in our agony. It is not in any low application to external things alone the wisdom of the apostle's declaration is really seen, "Godliness is profitable for all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." It is verified even in outward things, so universal and all-beneficent is the work of the religious life. But it is in this deepening of every purer feeling pertaining to present being; in this gift of new strength to sympathy, of new power to love; in this glorifying of all bright affections by the outpouring of divine strength upon the human heart, in these things the great idea of the apostles' word is revealed. When the countenance is not only eloquent with the glow of human feeling, but radiant, through an inspiration from above, the apostolic word is verified. The life of fervor perfected in the world to come, travels over the path of present existence, transfiguring humanity everywhere. And hath it not the promise then of the life which now is?

[G. W. BRIGGS.]

EVERY MAN has in his own life follies enough—in his own mind troubles enough—in the performance of his own duties deficiencies enough—in his own fortunes evils enough—without being curious about the affairs of others.

Psychological Department.

PRESENTIMENTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCŒLUM.

BARROW, in his interesting book entitled the Bible in Spain, gives a singular instance of Presentiment: the coming event casting its shadow before. A sailor, on coming on deck in the morning, informed him with deep solemnity that during the night he had been impressed that in a few hours he should meet his death, by drowning. The sailor was the most active and intelligent of the crew. No reasoning or ridicule could efface the impression that he had received: it seemed written upon his very soul. During the evening the wind arose and freshened to a gale. The sailor in question went aloft to take in sail. While engaged in that duty he lost his hold and footing, and fell overboard. A boat was immediately lowered, and every effort made to save him, but in vain. The narrator saw his face shining out like a thing of light, as he sank fathoms deep beneath the waves.

FINDING HIDDEN SPRINGS BY INTERIOR SIGHT.

The lamented and beloved N. P. Rogers narrates an instance of this kind which occurred in the circle of his own acquaintance. One of the justly celebrated Hutchinson family purchased a slightly but rock-bound hill near Salem, for the purpose of a building spot. His friends ridiculed the idea of building there, as no water could be procured on the premises. The singer was not alarmed, however, although appearances indicated the absence of the fluid. Consulting an acquaintance, who was possessed of "Interior Sight," he was informed that by boring in a certain spot on the place, he would strike a spring. He did so, and the result was the discovery of an abundant fountain of clear, cold water.

PRESENTIMENT: INCLUDING THE VISION OF STRANGE LOCALITIES AND PERSONS.

The case which follows was narrated to the writer by a clergyman of Ohio, distinguished for ability and truthfulness, as occurring to himself. We give his words as nearly as they recur to us.

I was engaged at that time in pursuing theological studies with the Rev. Mr. G., in a village in the vicinity of Boston. During the night I seemed to enter a place which I had never before seen. I walked up the main street, which was shaded with large trees, noticing the prominent buildings as I passed them. It seemed to be Sunday evening; the shops were closed, and all business was suspended. The street led me to a large building containing a hall. I saw horses and carriages, in great numbers, standing near. Entering the hall, I found a large audience gathered. It was a meeting for religious purposes. At last the preacher rose up, and his features impressed themselves upon me, and his very words, although he seemed an utter stranger. The vision made a deep impression upon my mind; it seemed not a dream but a reality.

On the Sunday evening ensuing I walked with a friend to attend a religious meeting in a neighboring village where I had never been. On entering the street it seemed familiar to me, and I remembered it to be the place I had seen in a vision a few days preceding. Anxious to see if my dream would correspond with the reality throughout, I pursued the path which I seemed to have taken before, till it led me to the building, which I at once recognised. Entering it the hall was familiar, and when the preacher arose I knew him at once. The street, building and preacher corresponded in every particular with those impressed on my consciousness during the previous vision.

PRESENTIMENT: RELATING TO THE RECEPTION OF LETTERS, AND THE ARRIVAL OF VISITORS.

A lady in Cincinnati has the remarkable gift of presentiment in relation to events relating to occurrences that are to transpire in her own family. She seems to be impressed with the coming event about twenty-four hours previously. If a letter is to arrive, or a visiting friend, she is duly impressed with it. Although a sceptic with regard to the more recondite and abstruse facts of Psychology, her own repeated experience has convinced her that the faculty of fore knowledge, within the limited sphere alluded to, exists in her organisation. Instances of this kind are by no means uncommon. A lady, residing in a neighboring city, has the same faculty, and has been known to arise at an unusual hour in the morning to prepare for the reception of friends, who arrived at the precise hour which she predicted, when no intelligence of the contemplated visit had reached her through any of the ordinary channels of perception.

SIGHT OF THE PHYSICAL BODY DISCONNECTED WITH THE SPIRITUAL FORM.

Mr. John O. W——, the well known reformer of Ohio, is gifted with remarkable interior perceptions. In consequence of his simple and beautiful habits of living, his higher faculties at periods become remarkably active. Some time since he met a friend from whom he had been separated for a considerable length of time. On meeting they embraced, and were deeply affected. So strongly was Mr. W. influenced that he sank into a state of trance, in which the external form seemed entirely inanimate. His friends, by the magnetic force of sympathy and will, succeeded in re-establishing the connexion between the spirit and its outward form. On regaining the use of speech, Mr. W. stated that he, while apparently unconscious, had passed into a state of great light and freedom, and seemed to hover over the outward body, which was distinctly visible to him, and lay below like an abandoned shell. Mr. W. is a man of perfect truthfulness, and this fact was of actual occurrence.

PRESENTIMENT OF DEATH.

A YOUNG LADY of this city, says the Rochester American, highly esteemed and respected, who had been sick for some length of time, but was supposed to be convalescent, had a dream a few nights since in which it appeared to her that she would die at 8 o'clock, the same evening. On awaking, she informed the family of her dream, and remained firmly impressed with the idea that she should die at the hour designated, and under that belief, called her brothers and sisters around her, giving them good advice with reference to the future. Strange to say, and as remarkable as it may seem, on the approach of 8 o'clock, she manifested a calm resignation, and almost as the clock tolled the hour, her spirit took its flight. Thus she foretold, by a singular presentiment, the day and hour of her own death.

SINGULAR PRESENTIMENT.

THE FOLLOWING was handed to us, some time since, by Br. Osborn, of Philadelphia. It was originally published in the Baltimore Daily Sun:

Mrs. Dorithea Foos, aged ninety-nine years, died at her residence in Ensor street, Baltimore, on Saturday evening, having lived to see five generations. Mrs. Foos dreamed, some nine years ago, that she would die on the 5th of April, 1845, and her acquaintances have often heard her state her presentiment. About two years ago, she accidentally fell out of bed, and broke her hip, and otherwise injured herself, so that all hopes of her recovery were given up, but she steadily insisted that she would get about again, and not die until the 5th of April, 1845, and singular though it be, yet such is the fact. She did live until Saturday, the 5th of April, 1845, and died on that day.

THE UNIVERCELM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

S. B. BRITTON, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1848.

THE INFLUENCE OF CHARACTER ON BELIEF.

I AM FULLY PERSUADED that men will never begin to believe right till they begin to form true characters, to adopt correct habits, to live just and noble lives. I am also convinced that with every advancement which we make in the divine life our knowledge of spiritual truth will become more clear, ample and definite. The man of gross organisation, uncontrolled propensities, impure desires and vicious habits, cannot form clear perceptions of religious truth. The evil man, having great powers of intellect, generally reasons himself into materialism. The depraved man, with small intellect, is commonly the slave of superstition. Pure hearted and benevolent men are, of necessity, believers; and as the moral nature matures itself, and attains harmony and fulness, the horizon of visible Truth widens around them, till that truth which to the sensual man is most incomprehensible and unprovable—the truth of our spiritual nature and eternal life, becomes a self-evident fact, of which there can be no doubt. It is stamped upon the consciousness, and confirmed each day by some new and beautiful experience.

Violations of the physical laws finally impair the understanding, so that it only takes cognizance of the most obvious material facts, and is incapable of grasping truths of a more ideal character. Disobedience to the moral laws eventually so impairs those faculties by which we take hold of spiritual ideas and religious principles that we are unfitted to comprehend them even in the least degree. In the exact proportion in which the moral nature is depressed, do our moral perceptions become dim and leave us. The mind which takes delight in the conception of impure images, at last loses the power to receive holy and good impressions. The individual who resists those spiritual influxes that flow from God into the soul, and who prefers the gratification of selfish or carnal appetites to those satisfactions which result from communion with eternal realities, at last feels those gracious visitings no more. He has grieved away the good spirit of God, and is left in darkness to reap the harvest of disobedience.

Nature is a sealed book to the depraved man. Only the pure heart can interpret its mystic oracles. He who has strong reasoning faculties without a corresponding development of the moral perceptions, fails to comprehend the teachings of that living and blooming word of God. Creation grows dark as he gazes on it, and at last it becomes to him a teacher of annihilation; its voice is one of wailing; its odor is of the grave. Only the good man interprets the open secret of creation. As the body and the soul grow pure, Nature becomes transfigured; the commonest objects put on a supernatural grace; the most familiar things speak with new voices, and are continually suggestive of higher and holier truths. One class of vicious men are insensible to the influences of Nature; they make no impression upon them. It would seem as if this alienation from goodness had deadened even the outward senses, so that having "ears they hear not, and having eyes they see not." Another class are afraid of Nature, and fly from it. They flee to dissipation and revelry, to shut out its influences. The unsullied purity, the virgin freshness of creation, suggests by contrast painful thoughts of their own hacknied feelings and polluted minds. They fly in fear from such transparent holiness. God calls them from out of the woodlands, and they are afraid, and hide themselves. The seeker after higher excellence, on the other hand,

finds in Nature a teacher whose lessons are all easy to be understood. She baptises the soul in dewy freshness, suggests eternally the purest thoughts, truest ideas and most benevolent feelings, and, so to speak, takes the spirit by the hand, and leads it into the presence of God. She inspires the poet with thoughts that breathe of heaven, and kindles his verse with anguries of hope for man. She awakens in the mind of the seeker after truth trains of ideas, all radiant with a celestial glory, and all in harmony with the heart's longings, and the spirit's desires. She strengthens the soul of the martyr, till his veins are filled with unconquerable purpose. Through her secret channels flow to the good and pure the truth they seek, the happiness they crave, the strength they need.

"Clouds waft and waters roll
Truth to the good, and power, and deity,
But in themselves are nothing."

What we have said of Nature is true of the Christian Scriptures also. Their secret is hidden from the sensual, but open to the pure. As it requires a mathematical intellect to follow the trains of thought in the "Principia" of Newton, or the "Mécanique Céleste" of La Place; as a mind skilled in the subtleties of metaphysics can alone follow the windings of Kant's "Critik of Pure Reason," so the man of pure moral nature, of accurate spiritual perceptions, can alone understand the Divine Revelation given from God in the life and words of Christ. Though that word and those teachings are to the seeker after goodness the "power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation,"—yet men of perverted intellects make them foolishness, and ungodly men wrest them to their own destruction. The man of but slight humanitarian or moral feelings deduces from the New Testament a cold blooded Calvinism, that damns new born babes to eternal torments for the glory of God. The man of large benevolence but small conscience, finds there a gross and ultra Universalism, that makes death obliterate all memory and conscience from the sinner, and by some mysterious transmutation elevates him at once, without a single pang of godly sorrow, without a single desire for virtue, without the slightest effort for holiness, into a state of absolute perfection; complete in moral majesty and God-like holiness. Only the man of Christ-like nature can understand the teachings of Jesus. He who feels in some degree what the Savior felt, and aspires after what he aspired to, and seeks to be actuated by his spirit, and to perform his works, only such a one can fathom the meaning of his sayings. And as he grows like his Master he comprehends him more perfectly, and feeds at last upon the very fulness of his word. The systems of the Metaphysicians cannot be unravelled without great grasp of comprehension, vigor of mind and subtlety of thought: they are sealed books to the simple and unlearned. But God's works differ from man's. Nature and the New Testament demand for their comprehension not the subtle intellect, but the pure, honest heart. Any strong-minded Atheist may arrive at belief in the soul's futurity, by mastering the argument for it from the constitution and tendency of matter, which is found in the philosophical writings of Swedenborg, and more recently in the "Principles of Nature," by A. J. Davis: but admitting this argument to be irrefutable, very few minds have the logical force to master it; "but I will shew you a more excellent way." form in yourself a Christ-like character, live a faithful Christian life, and your moral perceptions shall be so unfolded that you shall see this doctrine, and the great constellation of doctrines that are grouped around it, as self-evident facts, which you can no more doubt than you can doubt that you now exist. Truly did Christ say, "he that doeth the works of my heavenly Father, shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God."

This doctrine is proved by the facts of daily experience: proved by what we all know and all see. Habitual drunkards, adulterers, epicures, hypocrites, have no knowledge of Christianity as a spiritual Religion. They may have, it is true, a

conventional and traditional creed; they have some dim sense of the majesty and greatness of Jesus: they have an undefined apprehension of a coming retribution: "a certain fearful looking for of a fiery indignation that shall devour the universaries,"—but granting all this, they have no just and definite conceptions of the great truths of Christianity. We see that violation of physical law brings on physical delirium, in which the reason is dethroned, and by which the mind is shut off from all accuracy of perceptive thought, or reflective induction. So also we see daily that violation of the moral law brings on moral delirium, in which condition it is impossible to know God or interpret his providence. Before we can come to a knowledge of truth we must be healed of this moral lunacy: we must be restored to our right mind.

The doctrine that the Belief of a Man is according to his character is one of great practical importance, and suggests a number of valuable ideas, to which I proceed briefly to advert.

1. Atheism, Pantheism, Materialism, can only be eradicated by means which elevate the moral faculties, and unfold the spiritual nature. It is impossible to convince a man against his will, no matter how irrefutable be the arguments you employ. If he has in his mind a deep-seated prejudice against the authenticity of the Gospels, it is almost impossible to convince him of their genuineness—not from deficiency of evidence, but from a habit of mind which precludes him from weighing the testimony you adduce. Though the internal evidences of Christianity are overwhelming, it is impossible to convince an utterly sensual and perverse mind. It is an easy matter to find individuals in this city who believe the New Testament to be a forgery of recent origin, and who imagine Jesus to have been an ambitious demagogue. These minds are so filled with prejudice that they are incapable of seeing evidences against their opinions, though they are visible to others as the sun in mid heaven. Thus also we have among us those who are so rooted in the belief that man is a mere animal, differing in no elemental quality from the brute, that it is impossible to make them believe otherwise, however great be the proofs of spirituality that are adduced. Christ saw in analogous minds in his day a *moral inability* or a *moral indisposition to believe*, which no amount of evidence could overcome, and hence asserted that they "would not believe though one rose from the dead." Hence I maintain, that in order to do away with this prevalent skepticism we must elevate the moral tone of community: we must seek to call into activity the dormant virtues—the slumbering affections of men: we must habituate them to philanthropy, and self-sacrifice: we must unfold within them a living and active goodness. We must not seek to combat them alone with the subtleties of reasoning, but with the example of Christian virtue. And when that virtue has melted their stubbornness, and dissolved their prejudices, as flame melts the reluctant ore: when the influence of a pure spirit has been interfused with their beings, then they must believe—they cannot avoid it. Their moral perceptions unfold with the moral nature, and they become the disciples of Jesus.

2. The Heathen can never be converted to Christianity save through this process of moral development. Millions of treasure and thousands of valuable lives have already been sacrificed in the vain attempt at evangelising the world. It is admitted that the conversions are few, and of that few the majority are but nominal. The proselytes to pseudo-Christianity in India and the Sandwich Islands have but exchanged one form of superstition for another. The realities of a spiritual Religion are disbelieved as before. The reason of this failure of the Missionary enterprise is obvious. Instead of cultivating the moral nature, and unfolding the moral perceptions, the teachers have stunned the understanding with logical propositions, and appalled the imagination with superstitious fears. Thus they have created a frame of mind in which there is a moral inability to perceive the truth. Were this process reversed: were an endeavor made to make the Heathen virtuous, temperate, chaste

and truthful: to raise them out of the mire of sensuality in which their natures are plunged: to give them accurate perceptions, and quicken the aspirations for a pure faith that exist in every soul: then we should see every ascent in goodness marked by a progress in belief, and the progress thus made would be never lost.

3. The young can only be saved from gross and sensual Religions, or from utter lack of faith, by cultivating from childhood the spiritual perceptions and desires. Train a child to purity of feeling, to integrity of motive, to conscientious doing, and the child will grow up into the full belief of Christianity as inevitably as the healthy rose tree puts forth buds and flowers after its kind. Accustom your child to dishonesty or deception, form for it an evil character, and you give it also an impure belief. Parents mourn often over the perverseness of their children in abandoning the Christian faith, and becoming sceptical or superstitious, but they fail to consider that perversity of character ensues obliquity of thought. Give your child a diseased organisation—accustom it to gross indulgences—fail to cultivate the germs of Christian virtue within the soul—and then expect inevitably to see that child lose its confidence in God, and its hold on heaven, and sink down into darkness and crime.

I have thus glanced at some of the inductions that result from the truth under consideration. I have been more anxious to write plainly than elegantly. I hope to resume it at some future time.

T. L. H.

CHRISTIAN FAITH.

CHRISTIANITY is a system of religion that appeals not only to the heart, but to the mind of man—not only waking emotions of love in the soul, but fixing its principles deeply in the intellect, and obtaining the assent of the mind.

A rational faith always flows from a conviction of the mind, swelling and spreading until it reaches and affects the heart, and through it molding the entire outward life.

These two elements enter in the composition of all true religion, neither acting independently of, or being able to exist without the other. A religion that exists only in the intellect,—which has not reached and affected the heart,—cannot be called a genuine religion. Mere intellectual belief would do little, or nothing, toward regulating the affections, or controlling the life.

The heart is the fountain of all moral action, as well as the spring of all our joys. To make a man truly religious, or Christ-like, something more is needed than merely to enlighten and expand the mind. Mere theoretical faith never did and never will benefit man, or make him a practical follower of Christ. Attempts have been made to establish a system of logic, without any appeals being made to the heart. But they have been futile, and productive of no real good, for the converts to such a system are naturally dogmatic and bigoted. To constitute a truly religious man, and a good Christian, these elements must be brought into due proportion with one another, so as to give each its legitimate influence. Entire sects have existed who have erred in this respect. Their religion was composed of one element, and consequently they had but one means of life, and when this was exhausted they necessarily died. Nature tolerates no disjointed or one-sided efforts, to develop and perfect the outer or inner man.

The great error of the church has consisted in her too great devotion to the intellectual in the religion of Christ. She has had too exclusive a regard for the dogmatical element. Hence the church has been a great battle field; a strife to compel men to mere belief. Those cruel and bloody persecutions for opinions sake, which rest like a blot on its pages, were originated and fomented by the intellectual admirers or followers of Christianity. The heart had not been cultivated, and the affections were thus left to run uncultivated and wild. Supposing religious faith to consist in intellectual assent, they have instituted

every means for the subjection of the mind, and endeavored to coerce it into some favorite opinion or belief.

Principles are necessary to practice. But no further are they required, than to produce a good and healthy practice. All beyond this is superfluous. The great end of religion is to make man holy; not to make him a bigot, or a sectarian. What will lead one mind to a true practice, may not materially influence another mind. An opinion that might strike one rationally and forcibly, may seem comparatively unimportant to another. Take as an illustration of this, the fact that men are differently impressed in regard to the Deity. Some see the greatest evidence of his existence in the natural world. Others again, suppose the Bible to contain the strongest testimony to the being of God. And others again, believe from intuition, or the voice which speaks from the great deep of the human soul. Minds are differently constituted, and consequently view things differently. To endeavor to bring about a unity of opinion is vain. It is working against God and nature,—it is coercing the soul that God made free. And yet there must be some general principles at the basis of all our faith. We cannot go to the extreme of repudiating all opinion, and acting from intuition alone. Our intuitions aid us in our researches after truth, but cannot alone constitute a distinct code of morals or perfect rule of faith. These lead us to the work of investigation, and put the seal of confirmation on the results of thought. There are great principles of justice, morality and truth, that receive the assent of all dispassionate minds. These must become grounded in the judgment and pervade the heart, in order to a beautiful and consistent life. We must see their adaptation to human wants,—their harmony with nature, and with the experience of all truthful and good men. Any principle of action that conflicts with these, would endanger our moral safety, and prevent the full development of our moral powers. But to seek or exact consent to theories and opinions that have no direct or necessary relation to the affections or life, is to do violence to the human soul. It is manifestly wrong to insist on our neighbor's believing our creed, so long as he has come to the point of a true moral life. If we do so, it excludes him from our communion, and forces him to organize a new party or a new sect. This is the inevitable consequence of proscribing men for their opinions. They must have sympathy, and if we say to them, "you must believe as we do—endorse our entire theory," (and none can conscientiously do so in every part) they must raise their own standard, around which will rally all of like or similar belief.

This is the way in which sects of Christianity have originated, and are being originated. From difference of opinion on one single point, the act of proscription leads to a difference on a number of points. The individual proscribed soon feels his individuality;—soon realizes his independence, and of consequence thinks with more freedom, and arrives at some higher ideas, and obtains more expansive views of the universe of truth. It is almost, if not quite universal, for an individual thrust out from a sect on account of heresy, although it be in reference to one solitary doctrine or point, to deny the truth, (very shortly) of other articles to which he had formerly subscribed. When the mind is freed from the servility of sect, it commonly revels in its new found liberty, and is liable even to grasp visions for facts, and ideas for truths. The pendulum of thought, in its vibratory movements, may swing at first too far, but it must come back, eventually, to a medium pace. Much that the mind repudiates when it first exercises its free volitions is doubtless false, and yet it would be strange if it did not sometimes, in its ardor, mistake truth for error;—in its earnest strivings, and ardent longings, it would be a wonder if some of the drift wood of error were not also gathered into the garner of belief.

It must be conceded, I think, by all reflecting and dispassionate individuals, that we are all too prone to be dogmatic,—to express ourselves in too confident a tone. When we come to reflect on the fallible nature of man—to consider how liable he is

to err, we must see that what may appear true to us to-day, with the new light of to-morrow may appear palpably false. The great evil that has afflicted the Christian church has been its dogmatism;—this confident tone of expression giving rise to illiberalism and intolerance. It behooves therefore the friends of a more rational and spiritual faith in Jesus and in truth, to avoid this rock upon which the church has always split. While we express ourselves firmly and distinctly, in regard to the great points of difference between supernaturalists and spiritualists, we should remember our fallibility, and frame our speech and comport our lives as though we were constantly expecting new truth and more expansive views.

The old adage says, "Fools never change." This is a trite, and in some considerable degree a true saying. No man should be ashamed to advance with the times, or to change with the changing globe. All progress that has been made has been through the instrumentality of earnest, truth-seeking men. Modesty is the richest jewel in the crown of human character.

D. H. P.

PROFESSION.

IT IS SINGULAR with what ease most men are imposed upon. Though constantly complaining of the hypocrisy and insincerity of professed friends, and possessing a disposition to doubt of all human goodness; yet they are repeatedly imposed upon, by the merest pretences. But where is the fault? You say they should be what they seem. Nay, my friend, not when you pay a price for deception, take their professions for current coin, and neglect that quiet, unassuming friend of yours, who is constantly doing, without ostentation, what your fashionable friend is only professing to do. Is not the fault very much with yourself, in having looked for practical friendship where words constitute the currency. Your friend has deceived you, but only because you held out an inducement to him, and hence should only come in for a share of the blame. Besides, society is so organised that the advantages of deception are momentarily greater than those of truth.

These remarks will hold good in all religious and social affairs. To profess to serve God, and to cherish the interests of the "dear people," is the way to secure distinction and emolument from the world; but to be true to the instructions of the Divine Being, and faithfully labor to benefit the human condition, is but courting the scorn and anathemas of a mammon-serving Church, and the neglect and insult of the very oppressed classes we are striving to emancipate.

Until men can decide on regarding words for their true value, and place a due estimate on deeds, we shall have any quantity of "Rules for Profession," both in Church and State; and while these are given the preference over practical precepts, and the discharge of every-day duties, no complaint of deception should be made, inasmuch as those making these complaints are themselves parties in the transaction against which they murmur.

J. A. I.

CHRISTIAN CONSOLATIONS; Sermons designed to furnish comfort and strength to the afflicted. By A. P. PEABODY, pastor of the South Church, Portsmouth, N. H. Boston: Wm. Crosby and H. P. Nichols.

We have read this book with great satisfaction, and know of no work that we would sooner place in the hand of a bereaved and suffering friend. Its moral tone is strong, healthy and invigorating, and the style rich, simple and vigorous. While the doctrinal tenets inculcated are of the Unitarian school, the believer in Spiritual Christianity out of any sect will find little to which he can not respond. The first article in our paper of the present week is selected from it, and we doubt not that many who read it will be induced to procure the volume. We obtained our copy of C. B. Francis, 252 Broadway.

Poetry.

TO MRS. M. S. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELM,
BY FANNY GREEN.

My sister dearest, let them not—
Those dark forebodings—rise;
O, banish sorrow from thy heart,
And darkness from thine eyes!
For, with prophetic confidence,
I feel there yet may be
From present things vexations wrought—
Unmarred felicity!

Peace be around thy dwelling,
And joy within thy heart;
I wing my holiest blessing back,
Beloved, ere I part.
I could not ever leave thee thus,
My darling sister-friend,
If I thought that much of bitterness
Would on thy way attend;

For O my soul is stirred in dreams,
With thy dear memory;
And in the stillness of the night
I wake, and think of thee.
I cannot bear that thou should'st grieve,
With no fond sister nigh,
To charm the sorrows from thy heart,
And wipe thy tearful eye.

But thou hast much for gratitude—
One purely faithful heart
Would bear for thee—and dare for thee—
His own allotted part,
And thine beside, were his the power,—
May blessings rest on him!
And may the love within his breast
Ne'er falter, or grow dim!

And O, my little darling one—
Thy own—thy cherub boy—
Fountain of hope within thy breast—
Fountain of present joy!
The pledge of many blessings
Are his sweet imperfect words,
Instinct with life, and love, and hope,
As the caroling of birds!

When I think of him, the gathering tears
From their stirred fountain gush,
And all the kind affections
O'er my kindling spirit rush!
The simple thought of him, and thee,
To me is dearer far,
Than words of thrilling eloquence
From unloved speakers are!

I see his beautiful blue eye—
I hear his bird-like voice!
His little arms are round my neck—
In union I rejoice.
Though but in fancy—or in sleep—
When all the loved are met—
O, tell my name to him each day—
And let him not forget!

My sister! O, my sister!

What shall pay me for thy loss?
The gold of life is still with thee—
And elsewhere, all is dross!
Thy sweet voice, deeply musical,
Within my soul is heard—
And often by a thought of thee
The fount of tears is stirred!

Though still upon my wreathing lip
The voice of joy is loud,
Without thy dear society
I languish in a crowd;
In holy stillness of the night
Thy spirit comes to me—
I see thee in my pleasant dreams—
I wake—and think of thee!

A fairer and a happier scene
Shall yet around us ope;
Then let us read the Future, through
The starry eyes of Hope.
Around thee blessed spirits watch—
And o'er thee stars benign—
Farewell—farewell, my sister-love!
God bless thee—thee, and thine!

WORDS TO THE UNWISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELM,
BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

"My People are destroyed for lack of Knowledge."—Hosea.

Ye have no echoes in your souls
Of Heaven's celestial music-tones;
Such Angel-language never rolls
Out of your hearts, ye simple ones!

For thy distraction of the heart
There is no earthly Anodyne;
Such sickness baffles human art,
Though it resemble the Divine.

As on the opening flowers at even
Descends the ever-fresh'ning dew,
Has God poured on thee out of Heaven
Th' unerring instinct of the True.

The experience of Earth's early youth—
The foregone Ages—all combine
To teach thee that undying Truth
Which made e'en Christ on earth Divine.

If thou wouldst live in endless youth,—
Like Angels through Eternity,—
Be thou the unembodied Truth,
And thou shalt never, never die.

Fathom the depths of thine own soul,
And thou wilt others understand;
Who knows himself, will have the whole
Of human Knowledge at command.

For of the wholly common was man made,
And custom is his nurse! Wo then to them
Who lay irreverent hands upon his old
House furniture, the dear inheritance
From his forefathers! For time consecrates;
And what is gray with age becomes religion.

[COLERIDGE.

Miscellaneous Department.

A GLANCE AT THE EARLY SETTLERS.

BY FANNY GREEN.

CHAPTER III.

OUR two travelers, whom we left discussing the beauty of Wheeler's fair cousin, had now arrived within view of the village.

"I suppose these villagers are demi-savages," said Leverett.

"That they are not," returned George, quickly. "My aged kinsman, Abel Foster, was a fine scholar, and a gentleman. His wife was a lady of rank and education; and their grandchildren, my cousins, have, for nearly three years, been under the especial care of a man of profound learning, whose name must be whispered in the ear, being no other than Goff, the regicide, who has, for several years, occupied private apartments in the house of Mr. Russell, the minister of Hadley. Want of occupation suffered remorse to prey upon him to a painful and dangerous degree. He took a great fancy to my cousins; and, through the influence of Mr. Russell, was persuaded to become their tutor; and I have reason to think, their proficiency is equal to their advantages."

By this time they were emerging from the wilds; and they found themselves among the luxuriant fields of Hadley, just as the sun was setting, and the liquid crystal of Connecticut reflected every intermediate hue, from the deepest lake to a soft and delicate stain of rose, mingled with orange, purple, and a fairy-like tinge of gold. As the shadows deepened, to a fanciful eye the few buildings might have seemed to gather more closely about the central church, like children nestling around their mother. Everything was in motion throughout the settlement in making preparations for the coming night. The cattle, sheep and swine had all been driven into the common area about the church, to protect them from the Indians as well as wild beasts. Here and there a milk-maid might be seen with her snowy pail and nice checked apron, crossing the green in various directions. From one point came a hunter, with perhaps a slaughtered deer on his back: from another a fisherman, with a goodly string of fish; from another still, a sportsman, with a brace of partridges or a wild turkey. Here might be seen the young wife, going out to meet her husband, blessing his homeward path with a smile of love; there a family of children gamboling about their father, who, with axe in hand, had just returned from the forest. Old men were sitting on the stoops, smoking their pipes in the fresh evening air; while a throng of light-hearted and joyous creatures, as children always are, were sporting on the green.

As the friends entered the valley they had several glimpses of Sultan and his party, as they flitted along the homeward path, far before them: and they were seen entering the first house on the mountain road.

"That should be the house of Abel Foster," said George, as they drew near, "judging from the description given me in a letter from the fair hand of Alice herself. There is the balcony, with its columns of knotty pine stems, stripped of their bark, and polished by time, there are the very creepers climbing over them, and yonder is the little garden of exotics, flowers from the very seeds I sent her; and yet farther through the wicket, on that beautiful meadow that borders the river, amid a host of inferiors, stands the fine old tree, the elm of elms, as my cousin called it, with its rural seat beneath."

"Your observations are too far-fetched," said Leverett. "Come home to the point. Look yonder, do you not see your heroine, your cousin Alice, I suppose I must say, peeping through that maze of clematis, grape-vines and sweet brier? There, do you not catch glimpses of that Venus-like arm, adjusting the wandering creepers? Ah, George, you are a happy fellow!"

By this time they had arrived nearly opposite the little gate.

"Does Abel Foster live in this house?" inquired Wheeler, of a man who was passing.

"Och, mon, an' who should be livin' there but the ould squire, that is Abel Foster, himself, wid his bits o'darlints; come the world o'er, an' ye'll not see the like! An' may be its Miss Alice Foster herself, Heaven bless her, that's afther takin' ye here? An' if there's a raa' ginorous thing done in all Hadley, isn't it the fair hand of Alice Foster that's sure to be in it, your honor? Good raison, faith why there's not a prayer brathed in the whole sittlement without a blessing for the awate crature, heaven bless her!" And lifting his cap quite from his head, with a low reverence, the Hibernian passed on.

The two young Bostonians made quite a sensation in the then remote settlement of Hadley, with their fine figures, set off to advantage by their well-fitting hunting suits of green. Their green hunting-caps were, also, alike; but they shaded features as unlike as the two were different in character. Both were considerably above the middling height; but the proportions of Leverett were slender and graceful, those of Wheeler compact, firm and majestic. Leverett had very black hair, shading a brow which a sculptor might be envied the pleasure of looking at; while, in the other a profusion of light brown curls clustered round a forehead, which might have been distinguished among a thousand, as indicating high mental endowment as well as great strength and solidity of character. The expression of Leverett's features was agreeable, amiable and fascinating; that of the other suggested an idea of moral, as well as intellectual power; of a character self-sustained on the firm basis of principle. Both might be called handsome. Both had excellent points of character. But they were essentially different. I beg pardon for detaining the reader so long from the hospitable mansion of Abel Foster.

The friends turned into the little enclosure, and, as they drew near the house, the not-perfectly-unconscious subject of their interest came forward to receive them.

"Is Miss Foster at home?" inquired George.

"She is," replied the girl, surveying him with an earnest but indefinable expression, quickly adding, "Have I the pleasure! It must be—I am right—George, my cousin George!"

"Alice, dear, dear little cousin! May I believe?" But that he *did* believe was evident from the gallant, but still respectful manner in which he saluted and embraced the now blushing girl.

"Have the kindness to introduce your friend," she said, with a fine expression of cousinly frankness subduing her confusion; and, on the introduction, she received and welcomed Leverett, with a degree of graceful ease which was quite striking in such a nymph of the woods.

We pass further particulars until after the introduction of Wheeler to his aged kinsfolk, and his young cousin, after the departure of Leverett, who was to abide beneath the roof of Mr. Russell. It was nearly time for the aged couple to retire; so Mrs. Powers, the housekeeper, Biddy the chambermaid, and Simon, the servant man, were called in to attend prayers. A chapter was read; and then it was a beautiful sight to see the patriarchal form of Abel Foster, with those two bright young creatures on either side of him, bending with the meek earnestness of prayer. His long hair, blanched by the mows of fourscore winters, swept over his shoulders; and his fine blue eyes, yet quick and expressive, were lifted up to heaven in the full confidence of Christian hope. Most fervently did he pray that the bitter cup of war might pass aside; but, if it might not, that strength might be given according to the day. He commended all beneath his roof to the divine care and blessing. He alluded touchingly to his young kinsman, invoking, particularly for him, the guidance and protection of heaven. He prayed for his friends, for his enemies, for the heathen round about them; and

finally, for a blessing on the colonies, their rulers, and their strong men, that hearts might be quickened, and hands strengthened against the evil day. Then he invoked the paternal blessing of Jehovah upon all his creatures, and arose. As he did so Alice commenced a hymn, in which the whole family joined; and her clear sweet voice, as it occasionally rose to sustain the higher parts alone, seemed instinct with the sweetest melody, as with the loftiest spirit of devotion. So thought her cousin, when, by request of her grandmother, she sang, solo, the following hymn:

"Mighty Father, God of nations!
Listen to thy children's cry,
While we bless thee that salvation's
Day-star beameth from on high!
Fill our hearts with pure devotion,
Sanctuaries of thy love,
Where, enshrined, each pure emotion
Seems allied to those above."

"Hark! the storm in strength is breaking,
Fearful omens light our path,
While our spirits, cold and quaking,
Read the tokens of thy wrath,
God of mercy, be thou near us,
As an everlasting rock;
Then no storm can blight or sear us,
And no fearful thing can shock!"

"When tornadoes, wild, are roaming,
And fierce storms beset our way,
May our spirits, upward soaring,
Seek the fields that bloom for aye.
Anthems there are silent never;
Periods of eternity,
Hear one song, 'Praise God forever!
Mighty Father, praise to thee!"

For the liberty I have taken with the rhythm and orthography, I beg pardon of the ancient author's spirit, if it now happens to be within hearing. There was no *malice prepense* in the act, gentle spirit; nothing but the hope of preparing thy beautiful lines, for the change of taste, occasioned by the change of times.

After a devout pause, which seemed intended for the gathering back of the spirit to the necessary duties and scenes of life, Abel Foster arose from his chair, and giving a hand to his young kinsman, commended him to the care of Alice, who, for the last two years, had taken from her infirm grandmother the duties of lady to the mansion. Before he turned to go, he said solemnly, "May the blessing of Almighty God be upon you, this night, my children. May your slumbers be sweet and healthful. May no lurking foe be near; but may the Angel of the Lord be round about you;" and, as they parted for the night, all bade each other adieu, with the spontaneous prayer, that if they met no more on earth, they might be reunited in a blessed eternity.

Little Bob, an intelligent, but mischief-loving boy of fourteen, had a world of stories to tell his cousin, of adventures among the neighboring Indians, with whom he was a favorite, often spending a greater part of his holidays among them. He had much knowledge to impart, which, to a Bostonian, could not fail to be interesting; so thought poor little Bob, who had never dreamed of a more absorbing interest, than that contained in the mysteries of trap, net and noose. At length, however, he made a fortunate move.

"Allie, I shall stifle here. Cousin, what do you say to a ramble? Sister and I often go out after our parents are in bed. Will you join us now?"

"With pleasure," replied the young knight, as he spoke, helping to adjust the light mantle, which was already on the shoulders of Alice.

"Be very still," she said. "If father and mother hear us go out, they will be concerned for our safety. But we never have any cause for apprehension, though we go out almost every evening, when it is fine."

Calling Mrs. Powers, she desired her to sit up until their return; they left the house. They took the river path, wandering on amid the fairy places that skirt that beautiful stream.

"I feel myself quite at home here!" said George. "These scenes have been so well described that I knew them, and recognised many objects to Leverett, before I inquired."

At that moment Sultan came bounding past; and he added, "I have been wanting an opportunity to compliment your Mercury."

"Mercury!" she repeated, blushing at his undisguised earnestness; but he saw that the scroll and boquet had been removed.

"Yes, cousin; if the messenger of the gods was so called, I know not why the bearer of love-tokens to a nymph may not be entitled to the name."

"Love-tokens!" she again repeated, with a rather mischievous smile, and a look somewhat equivocal.

"You are critical, coz. May not a boquet and a billet-doux be so denominated?" But his voice unconsciously fell to a lower key, as he added, "Come, Allie, be a good cousin, and tell me who has been so wicked as to defraud me of my just rights, by dispossessing me of that dear little heart, which was promised to me years ago?"

"No one, George," she answered, with perfect *naivete*; and here the matter might have rested, had not Robert slyly thrown in an interjectional, "Poor Savage!"

"Pray explain," said Wheeler, sadly fearing his witch of a cousin might be a coquette; although there was nothing sinister in the sweet, but still confused expression of the face that confidently sought his; and he was perplexed, though it must be confessed, very agreeably so.

"I will tell you," said the boy, who had begun to be alarmed at the ominous silence. "Lieutenant Savage—"

"Hush, Robert, I am ashamed of you."

"Just let me tell him that you are not going to marry Savage! I suppose cousin George will be as glad as I am."

"Certainly; most certainly, Robert," replied George, smiling at the boy's simplicity; "and he, Alice—he is your correspondent?"

"My correspondent!" she replied, laughing mischievously. "I have a great mind not to let you know that the boquet and note, which seem to be so distressing to you, came from my cousin Julia Ann Stanton, of Northampton, where Sultan has been for a week past; and from whence he returned to day. Are you satisfied?"

"Entirely," replied George, sorely tempted by the beautiful ruby lips that had been trying to pout a little. "But come, sweet coz, let us sit under this very elm, where you told me we should sit, and talk over old times."

They did so, and while speaking of old kindnesses, and old affections, they were half-unconsciously weaving new. The night was very fine, the heavens were clear and starry, except in the direction of Mount Holyoke, where one dark magnificent cloud seemed depending from the sky, over which the summer lightning played almost continuously, throwing light among the shadows of the dark mountain; while, in the valley, fire-flies shot along the clear atmosphere, so bright and so numerous it seemed as if a shower of young stars had been shaken from the sky.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed Alice, pointing to the full-horned moon hanging above the stream.

"I always think of a tyrant and a coquette," said George, "when I see the moon bending over the enraptured waters."

"And I always think of an angel looking down from heaven," returned Alice. "The moon is to me a sweet and familiar friend, always looking upon me with an eye of love."

"Every one for his own fancy," said Bob. "The moon always looks cold and senseless to me. Nothing I feel or think ever seems to go there. She looks so cold and immoveable, it

appears to me that if we could come within arm's length of her ladyship, we should not see her wink."

"You have more love of fun than of poetry, my little Bobby," said George, with a smile.

"I have read some poetry," replied Bob, "and I have read of pretty girls, but I never saw, read, or heard of one, half as good or half as pretty as our Allie. I had rather look into her sweet face that talks without a sound, than upon the brightest moon that ever shone above the woods of Holyoke;" and, throwing one arm around his sister's neck, he turned his face up to hers, his mischievous gray eyes squinting cunningly, with an expression half-comic, half-tender, and gave her a kiss, which I cannot say was envied upon other than circumstantial evidence, the whole weight of the testimony depending upon one low and quickly suppressed sigh. The expression of the boy's face instantly passed into one of serious and earnest affection, as he added, "Allie has been all in all to me—sister, friend and mother; and it would be strange if, in the wide world, I could love another like her."

"Fie, Bob! fie!" said Alice, giving him a very gentle tap on the shoulder; "you really make me ashamed;" and as the moonlight glanced across her features, a bright glimmer like that of tears was seen.

"Hush!" continued the girl, "my favorites are coming; wait here while I go and find them." As she spoke she stepped into a little thicket, when half-a-dozen whippoorwills came hovering around; and a shower of seeds, particles of minced meat, etc., repaid their confidence.

"I thought the whippoorwill was a very shy bird," said George, "seldom approaching the habitations of man."

"It is; and, excepting this little flock of my sister's I never saw one. She first won the confidence of the old ones by rescuing one of them from a voracious king-bird. It was badly hurt, and she nursed it for a week, when it became able to fly. Since that time they have been familiar, and sister always visits their nest, and feeds their young. This is the fifth summer they have built in the same place. Sister can take up the old birds, and even the young ones will feed from her hand: but nothing fears Alice, for everything loves her; and you would find that out very soon, should you live in Hadley. I think God was very good in giving me such a dear sister."

George assented to the proposition right cordially; and, while he smiled at the boy's simplicity, he could not but admire the pious sentiment he breathed; and by that time Alice had returned, when the grateful songs of her *protégées* gave a finish to the scene. So they thought until the graceful form of an Indian, in his light canoe, glided rapidly down the stream.

"Hush! that is Nanuntenoo, the great Narragansett sachem!" whispered Robert. "I saw him only yesterday in company with Monocho. I never saw a nobler man. He might be distinguished among a thousand."

"Is it possible you can allow yourself to go unprotected, when such dangerous neighbors surround you," whispered George with a shudder. "Recollect, dear Alice, that the possession of a captive like you would be a great stroke of policy with the artful chieftains. They then might almost make their own terms. I beg of you, dearest Alice, that you will not go out again until the danger is over."

"You would not be afraid of Nanuntenoo should you see him," said Robert, with fervor. "He said to Monocho yesterday, while speaking of another chief who had been very cruel to some female captives, 'The blood of woman never stained the hatchet of a brave.'"

"But you forget, my dear little Robert, that he might carry your sister away captive, and how would you bear that?"

"I would go and ask him to restore her; and I know that he would."

"But then he might take you!"

"Oh no; the Indians will never harm me. They know me for a friend."

"Hush, Bobby!" said Alice; "we will not needlessly incur danger. I now see that it is wrong. These strangers do not know you, my kind and noble little brother."

"Hist!" said Bob, "and listen to the warrior's song. Perhaps you do not know he is just married to Waumasu, the beautiful daughter of Metacomet; and if she is an Indian, she is the sweetest girl, except Allie, I ever did see. I had the pleasure of meeting her yesterday. She had wandered a little aside from her husband to pick berries, when I first met him; but she joined him in a few minutes. She appeared quite faint from her extreme exercise, or perhaps from hunger; and I fortunately had a bottle of milk and some cakes, which she accepted and ate with much apparent gratitude."

"You have been in great company, I see," said George.

"Hush, hush!" said Alice, "let us hear the chieftain's song."

Just then he began a low, monotonous chant, to which the measured dip of the paddles gave a singular and not unmelodious accompaniment. Upon the authority of Bob, who professed to understand something of the Indian languages, I give the substance of the warrior's chant as follows:

"Fair is the night. The woods of Connecticut are still. The waters are bright and clear. The stars are beautiful. The pleasant moon, like the manitoo of peace looks down and smiles. Sowhannieu wakes. His voice is like the breath of love. His soft fingers stir the foliage. They lift the dark hair from the cheek of the warrior's bride. She waiteth in the lodge for her hero. She waiteth in the lodge and wondereth at his delay. Her eyes are like the morning-star. They bring light and gladness to the soul. Her ear is quick. She heareth the sound of the warrior's moccasin afar off. Her foot is swifter than the doe when she flieth to meet him. Thy hero is coming, fairest of the dark-eyed daughters of the forest. Thy hero is coming to make thee glad with love."

By this time the chief had passed into the shadow of the distant mountain, and making some remarks upon his performance, they returned home, where they found poor Mrs. Powers keeping watch in her dreams.

CHAPTER IV.

Well might Alice Foster be called the flower of Hadley; for there was no sorrow in the whole settlement, which she did not alleviate or share, and no joy which she did not enhance. Well might she be precious as the very sunlight, dear and necessary as the vital air, within the dwelling of her aged grandparents; for she was always gentle, affectionate and cheerful. At a single glance her appearance indicated extreme youth, with more than its average of versatility and buoyancy of character; but a close observer might see an expression of latent firmness, occasionally visible in the sweet curve of her bewitching mouth; or a shade of sadness passing over the clear depths of her dark, eloquent blue eye, like shadows over the sunny fields of summer. These belonged rather to the character of the times than to that of the individual.

The next morning, Mr. Russell, with his young guest, called, accompanied by a person of so singular appearance, he would have been conspicuous in a throng; and, at the same time, have perplexed every beholder. Lofty in his carriage, yet often shrinking as if in sudden fear, his habitual pride seemed modified by suspicion. An expression of hauteur occasionally mingled with one very like remorse, and these again would pass into one of almost self-contempt, or perhaps fear, as if he were angry with himself for the indulgence of those feelings which he could not resist; but when in the presence of those in whom he confided, his conversational powers were said to be rich and varied, in no ordinary degree, evincing a high order of intellect, as well as high cultivation. Especially was this true in regard to his pupils, who almost idolized him, naming him, em-

phatically, "our friend." Such was Goff, one of the puritan judges who condemned the unfortunate King Charles.

As soon as the party had met, Abel Foster made some political inquiries, which to repeat would be only recapitulation of the conversations of yesterday.

"How stands the world of letters around the court of Charley?" inquired Goff, after the first pause.

"Oh, there is quite a constellation of geniuses," replied Leverett, "and of different powers. While Gregory, who, by the way, had lately been appointed professor of mathematics at Edinburgh, is astonishing the scientific world with the exhibition of his refracting telescope, poor Otway is beguiling the court with a new tragedy, 'Alcibiades,' a copy of which was sent to me: so, George, we may read it, if we cannot see. Otway is soon coming out with a new piece—'Don Carlos' is the reputed title."

"Did you hear anything of Butler and his inimitable work?" again inquired Goff; and seeing a curious expression on the faces about him, he added, "It is inimitable; and not the less so for cutting us. I could, indeed, wish he had chosen another subject; but, since he has not, I must even laugh at myself along with him!"

"There was a great deal said of him," answered Leverett. "He has just published the second edition of *Hudibras*, and it was said to be taking a great run."

"And what of Dryden?" pursued the inquirer.

"Ah! he makes a fine courtier, flattering protector and king with equal facility. Last year, however, he disgraced himself by a low and miserable criticism, of a low and miserable fellow, one Settle, who, weak as he is, has made Dryden tremble for his fame. The earl of Rochester has taken Settle under his protection; and they are playing the Empress of Morocco of Settle, and the Amboyna of Dryden, in opposition to each other; Collier and Buckingham, the meanwhile, reviling honest John with all the bitterness of envy."

"Did your hear any account of Dr. Thomas Hyde?" inquired Abel Foster.

"Yes, the world is all alive with his 'History of the Religion of the Ancient Persians.' It is said to be one of the most learned productions England has seen for this long time."

"I doubt not that," returned the other; "I knew him when at Oxford. He was at King's College with my poor boy, the father of these children, and a wonder he was, even then. He assisted my old friend Walton, in the Polyglott Bible, before he was eighteen. One more inquiry, and that is of Dr. Isaac Barrow, another friend of my son?"

"His reputation for wit, versatile powers, and scientific knowledge, has not in the least declined, and he is just chosen vice-chancellor."

The conversation soon took a more general turn, in which Robert sustained no small part. The day passed off happily, and at an early hour the guests took leave, for the next day was the Sabbath. The morning was fine, and the villagers issued forth, without the sound of bell. All went—old and young, infant and infirm. None could remain at home in safety; for the church was, during worship, a *pro tem.* fortress. Among the very first in attendance on the sacred duties was the family of Abel Foster. They went forth, the old lady leaning on the arm of George, the patriarch himself on that of Alice, with Robert walking gravely before, and Mrs. Powers, Simon and Biddy following behind. The church had something of the appearance of a modern one on the Fourth of July, only there was more of solemn earnestness in the appearance of the people, more of real necessity in the parade of arms. The services were solemn, being such as the spiritual wants of the people were supposed to require, and the whole appearance of the assembly devout. A hymn of Wigglesworth, or rather an extract from his "Vanity of Vanities," was read, of which the following stanzas were sung:

"Learn what deceitful toys and empty things
This world and all its best enjoyments be;
Out of the earth no true contentment springs,
For all things here are vexing vanity."

"For what is beauty but a fading flower,
Or what is pleasure but the devil's bait,
Whereby he catcheth whom he would devour,
And multitude of souls doth ruinate."

Before the last note had ceased to vibrate on the ear, a rifle was pointed through a broken pane, and a ball whizzed through the house, doing no farther injury than splintering a pillar on the opposite side. It was but the work of an instant for each man to shoulder his musket and rush to the defence of his premises; while every heart that was left within the church seemed for a moment paralyzed with horror. Very soon was heard the clash of armor and the discharge of musketry, mingled with the demoniac yells of the savages.

"They are contending against fearful odds," said Robert, who had stationed himself at a window to make observations.

"Come down from there, my son!" said Abel Foster; and he obeyed, though rather reluctantly.

To describe the distress within that little building would be impossible. Shrieking children were seen clinging to weeping mothers; old persons were tottering forward to shield a daughter or a grand-child, or perhaps to receive support; young girls were wringing their hands in silent agony. Some were nearly swooning; while others sat perfectly erect, cold and still, as if terror had actually deprived them of life. In this fearful emergency Alice Foster exhibited the good effects of a well-disciplined mind. She went from one to another, like a spirit of hope, or like the embodied presence of Faith, and soon the house was comparatively still.

"Mrs. Peibles," said she to a half distracted mother, "let me take your baby. There, little Harry, hush! hush!" and soon the little fellow was still. "Mrs. Thornton, have the kindness to help me and Mrs. Powers move this table. Grandfather—grandmother—Mrs. Duncan, come here; this place is more sheltered than any other;" and, assisted by Biddy and Robert, she deposited the three oldest persons in the house in a place where they might be more secure from random shots.

"This lamentation can do no good, and may do much harm," she said to a group of girls who were sobbing hysterically. "Let us strive to be calm," she continued, making an effort to speak with composure, while her own lips were blanched to the whiteness of marble. "My dear friends, my dear little children; let us trust in God. He is strong and mighty to save, even to the uttermost. Father, pray with us."

At this suggestion, so consonant with their habits of piety, all gathered round the venerable man, who knelt in the midst. In a moment all was still, and the distinct and clear "Let us pray," contrasted strangely with the clamor without. Ferently did the good man pour out his soul in prayer, and most fervently did those about him respond to his cries for mercy; then, commending all to the divine protection, he arose.

As the strife without increased, it seemed as if the stillness of death reigned within; for terror too intense for the utterance of sounds had taken possession of their hearts. All gathered their children and their aged parents about them, and the villagers were grouped together in families.

Robert had discovered a loop-hole, which he said was perfectly safe, where he sat making observations.

"What news now, Bobby?" asked Alice, as she sat, with an arm round each of her aged parents.

"Bad, very bad, looking forward, but glorious looking back. With all our disadvantages we have not lost a single man as yet, and only a very few appear to be wounded. I wish I had brought father's rifle. There, one poor fellow has lost his! He falls. It must not be useless;" and, before the shrinking Alice could detain him, he had rushed into the midst, where he was in dan-

ger of being crushed in the desperate struggle. Regardless of all danger, Alice flew after him; and while arrows, bullets, swords and knives were flying, rattling and gleaming around her, she darted like a spirit through the depths of the crowd, just as he was in the act of discharging the rifle, which he had obtained. George Wheeler was standing behind Robert, attending to a wounded companion; and just as Alice appeared on the spot, and attempted to seize her brother's hand, an uplifted tomahawk, which had been aimed at George and by him disregarded, was in the act of making its whirling descent. The sudden appearance of Alice, her youth, her extreme beauty, her utter disregard of danger, seemed to paralyze the hand of the Indian; and his weapon being involuntary withdrawn, he paused for an instant, as if he had met one of those beautiful spirits which sometimes bless his morning visions; and then, with an apparent conviction of her humanity, he seized and attempted to drag her through the crowd. But in an instant he was felled to the earth, and the girl without having been able to arrest the attention of her brother, was borne back to the house, she hardly knew how, until the half-reproachful voice of George Wheeler assured her of comparative safety.

PLEASURE TAKING.—Is there no such thing as pleasure taking? Undoubtedly there is, but it depends not entirely or even mainly upon outward things, and certainly is found none the sooner for madly running after it. True pleasure is a home bird, and its sweet melody is most sweet when it is caged in the recesses of the heart. It is a commodity you must carry about with you if you would have it at command. It is a beatitude of the affections. It is a constellation of inward joys, casting outward and all around the placid light of its own beauty. It is a well in the soul, an inexhaustible, ever flowing fountain in the heart, whose pure streams irrigate and beautify the entire temper and disposition: and they are the true pleasure takers, who from the fulness of their own bliss give pleasure to those around them, and move and breathe, and have their being in an atmosphere of the affections. Such pleasure-taking is not confined to time, or place, or circumstance. And it is by far the cheapest.

SELF-EDUCATION.—Much less of success in life is in reality dependent upon accident, or what is called luck, than is commonly supposed. Far more depends upon the objects which a man proposes to himself; what attainments he aspires to; what is the circle which bounds his visions and thoughts; what he chooses, not to be educated for, but to educate himself for; whether he looks to the end and aim of the whole of life or only to the present day or hour; whether he listens to the voice of indolence or vulgar pleasure, or to the stirring voice in his own soul, urging his ambition on to laudable objects.

Look at the picture of war, with its deep shades and startling colors. Witness the fearful tragedy—the hot strife—the storm-cloud and the iron hail! There is humanity prostrate in the dust!—grasping convulsively the instrument of death, while the current of life is gushing from the veins! Oh! it is horrible to die thus, stained with a brother's blood! The eye dilated with the excess of passion!—the soul strung, and the arm nerved for the deadly contest! Let those who thus seek for glory and immortality, remember the struggle is not for, but against humanity. Their joy will be turned to mourning. The cypress will entwine the harp that is used to celebrate their triumph. The song of the victor will mingle with the requiem for the dead, and the low wail of the broken hearted!

There is a more glorious victory to be wrought with implements of Love. I would rather die like a true follower of Christ, and have my name embalmed in the memory of even *one* who loves his fellow-men. Let the warrior claim the applause of a thoughtless multitude. I envy him not. The conqueror shall wear his wreath, and rest at last in his stately mausoleum,

"Alone in his glory?"

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New York, August, 1848.

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